

JUNE

No. 11

10¢

SMASH COMICS



Starring
ESPIONAGE
WITH THE BLACK X
INVISIBLE JUSTICE
WUN CLOO, CHIC CARTER,
PHIL POT VEER, CLIP CHANCE
And many others
Full of Action-Thrills-Adventure



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And *showed* the other guys!

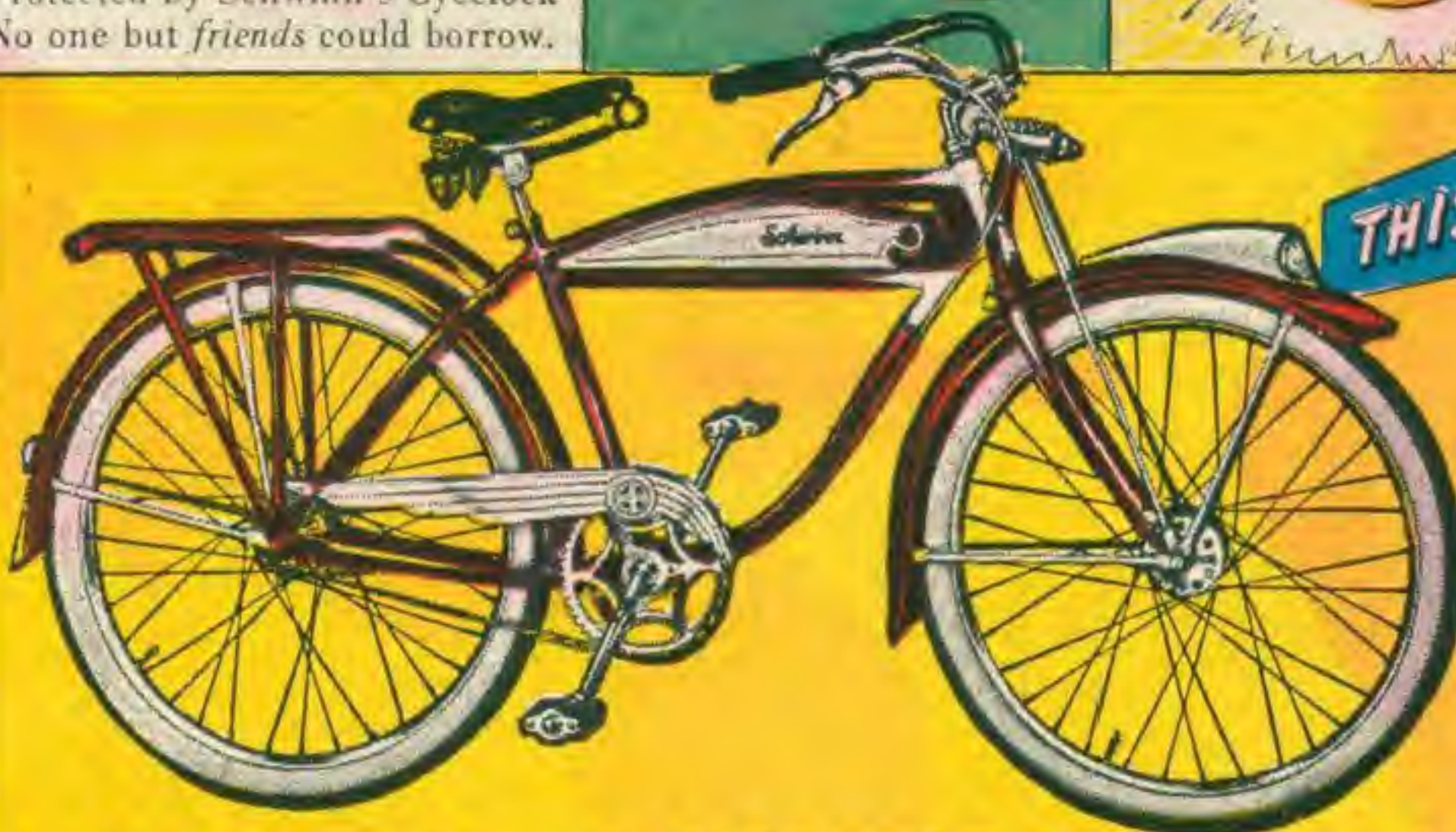
With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow.
Protected by Schwinn's Cycelock
No one but *friends* could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in *your* town.



THIS IS IT!

Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring *this* one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and *show it to Dad!* Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you *should*
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for *free* copy of this valu-
able booklet **TODAY!**

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO., CHICAGO

MAIL THIS COUPON
FOR
ILLUSTRATED **FREE** Booklet

ARNOLD, SCHWINN & CO.,
1730 N. Kildare, Chicago, Ill.

Please send my copy of the 1940 illustrated **FREE** booklet
about Schwinn-Built Lifetime Guaranteed Bicycles.

Name.....

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ESPIONAGE

STARRING BLACK X IN FINLAND



ALONG THE SNOWBOUND ROADS, FLANKED BY THEIR FROZEN DEAD, POUR THE MARCHING MEN OF THE SOVIET UNION, INTO FINLAND'S ICY WILDERNESS... ENDLESSLY LIKE GREY GHOSTS, THEY MARCH TO THE GRIM DEATH THAT AWAITS THEM...



FOR THE FINNS, STRUGGLING TO DEFEND THEIR HOMELAND, FIGHT DESPERATELY, HOLDING EVERY INCH OF GROUND TO THE LAST MAN...



THUS, THE EUROPEAN WAR SHIFTS TO THE NORTH...



NEITHER SIDE GIVES WAY... THE RUSSIANS AND THE FINNS ARE IN A SEEMINGLY UNBREAKABLE DEAD-LOCK...



IN AMERICA, IN BLACK X'S STUDY, BATU, HIS FAITHFUL HINDU VALET, MUSES OVER A GLOBE... HIS FINGERS FIND THE SPOT MARKED FINLAND...



MASTER IS SOMEWHERE IN FINLAND... IN TROUBLE! MYSTIC FEELING TELL ME MUST SEE MASTER'S CHIEF NOW!



I KNOW, BATU, I'VE THE SAME STRANGE FEELING THAT BLACK X IS IN DANGER, BUT THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO. HE'S AN AGENT OF THE ESPIONAGE - I CANNOT HELP HIM!



YES, I KNOW YOU'RE VERSED IN MAGIC, BUT HE'S 4,000 MILES AWAY... EVEN YOUR MAGIC IS IN VAIN NOW!



AND 4,000 MILES AWAY, JUST INSIDE THE RUSSIAN BORDER, ABOARD A MURMANSK-BOUND TRAIN, WHICH HE AND A FINNISH PATROL CAPTURED, BLACK X, WITH TOMMY, AN AMERICAN BOY, PLAN TO RUN BACK TO A POINT WHERE THEY CAN REACH FINLAND. . . . BLACK X IS SECRETLY CARRYING SOME VERY VITAL PAPERS.



IN THE CAB OF THE LOCOMOTIVE.

START THE ENGINE . . .
GOING BACKWARDS!



IN THE CARS, FINNISH SOLDIERS ARE GUARDING THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS



AND ON THE REAR PLATFORM, TOMMY AND BLACK X TALK TO A FINNISH SOLDIER.



THE WAR HAS BEEN ON MONTHS AND THE RUSSIANS, THOUGH THEY OUTNUMBER YOU, HAVEN'T MADE MUCH HEADWAY.

RIGHT, BLACK X. FINLAND IS A SMALL NATION, BUT WE'LL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN TO KEEP OUR DEMOCRACY AND FREEDOM!



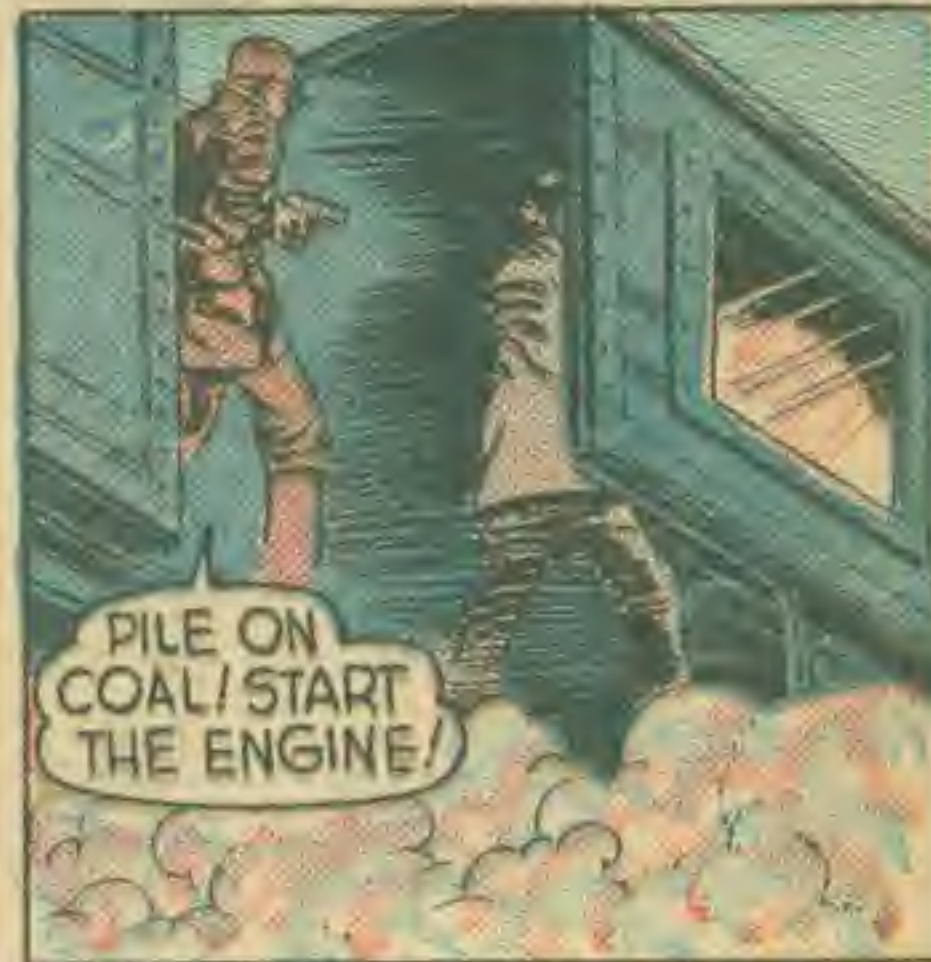
JUST LIKE THE AMERICANS IN 1776!

IN A REAR CAR, THE FINNS PLOT THEIR COURSE. . . .

HERE. AT THIS POINT, WHERE THE RAILROAD TOUCHES OUR BORDER, WE'LL STOP THE TRAIN AND TAKE OFF THE PRISONERS.



PROVIDED WE DON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE ON THE WAY!



GRADUALLY, THE ENGINE GATHERS SPEED, MOVING BACKWARDS. . . .



THE TRAIN MAKES AN ODD SIGHT, ROARING AT TOP SPEED, END CAR FIRST. . . .



IN THE CAB, FINNS MOUNT A GUN. . . .



THUS THE TRAIN SPEEDS ON ACROSS MILES OF LONE RAIL... A CARGO OF WAITING DEATH AND SURLY PRISONERS.



BLACK X, WHAT ARE THE FINNS FIGHTING THE RUSSIANS FOR?

IN DEFENSE OF THEIR HOMELAND!



WHY COULDN'T THEY SETTLE PEACEFULLY?

THAT'S THE DITY OF IT! TWO GREAT NATIONS.. BOTH HAVE PRODUCED GREAT MEN - VAST KNOWLEDGE!



VET, WITH ALL THEIR GREAT MEN, WITH ALL THEIR VAST CULTURE, THEY CANNOT FIND A SOLUTION TO THEIR DIFFERENCES, BUT MUST GO TO WAR AND SLAY ONE ANOTHER!

I GUESS US HUMAN BEINGS AREN'T AS SMART AS WE THINK WE ARE.



TOMMY, YOU'RE A PHILOSOPHER. AH! HERE ARE THE SHIPPING SCHEDULES... THESE PAPERS ARE DYNAMITE AND OUR BIG JOB NOW IS TO RETURN THEM SAFELY TO WASHINGTON.



MEANWHILE, IN THE CAR IN WHICH THE RUSSIAN PRISONERS ARE BEING KEPT....



USST, VLADIM!

YES?

LISTEN, VLADIM, I HAVE A PLAN FOR ESCAPE!

ESCAPE?



WHAT FOR SHOULD I ESCAPE! I'M NO COWARD, BUT AS A FINNISH PRISONER, I WILL HAVE FOOD, SLEEP IN BED AND BEST OF ALL, I WON'T HAVE TO KILL... NO... I'M GOING TO BE A PRISONER! LET STALIN COME OUT AND FIGHT HIS OWN BATTLES! I'VE GOT NOTHING AGAINST THE FINNS!



BUT... THERE'S AN AMERICAN AGENT ABOARD, WHO HAS SOME PAPERS. IF WE HAD THEM, OUR SIDE COULD WIN THE WAR VERY QUICKLY!

IN THAT CASE, I'M WITH YOU! AFTER ALL, I'M AS PATRIOTIC AS YOU ARE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER - A GUARD IS OVERPOWERED.



IT IS A SIGNAL FOR GENERAL ESCAPE! WITH A ROAR, THE RUSSIANS SWARM OUT OF THEIR PEN....



THE PRISONERS OUT-
NUMBER THE GUARDS.



BUT THE FINNS, SWINGING THEIR
WICKED 'POUKKO', HOLD OUT DES-
PERATELY, BUT IN VAIN.



MEANWHILE, THE TRAIN ROARS
SOUTHWARD, THE ENDS HELD BY
THE FINNS AND THE CENTER CAR
BY THE RUSSIANS.



OH-OH! A RUSSIAN TROOP
IS BLOCKING THE
TRACK AHEAD! BLACK X!
THE RUSSIANS
HAVE WON CONTROL
OF THIS CAR!



STOP!
COMRADES!
NO-LOOK-
THEY ARE
FINNS!
FIRE!!



ЛЕТУ
ТОВАРИЩ!



КАТАНСКАЯ
ШКАРПА!

ЧТО ЗА
ДЫРАК?



IN THEIR COMPARTMENT, BLACK X
AND TOMMY PREPARE FOR THE
IMPENDING SIEGE.



STEADY NOW...

ОМБОРУ
ДБЕРУ!

OPEN THIS DOOR,
AMERICAN, AND
HAND OVER
THOSE
PAPERS!



THESE PAPERS ARE AMERICAN
PROPERTY! I AM AN AMERICAN
CITIZEN - YOU DARE NOT
SHOOT!



YOU FORGET THIS IS
THE WAR AREA. YOUR
PRESIDENT WON'T
PROTECT YOU HERE!
GIVE UP THE PAPERS,
AND YOU WILL NOT
BE HARMED!



YOU DON'T ANSWER,
EH? VERY WELL -
VE SMOSH IN THE
DOOR!

HANG ON,
TOMMY!





GONE!

VANISHED, JUMPED OUT THE WINDOW! THOSE AMERICANS HAVE COURAGE!



BUT IN THE REAR CAR HELD BY THE FINNS....

HELLO, KLAUS! WE'RE WITH YOU AGAIN!

YOU TWO HAVE NERVE TO RISK THAT!



THE RUSSIANS OUTNUMBER US! OUR MEN ON THE ENGINE CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!



THEY'LL BE COMING THROUGH TO THIS CAR ANY MINUTE! STAY BACK, BLACK X... WE'RE GOING TO FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN!

WAIT! I'VE AN IDEA THAT'LL AVOID BLOOD-SHED!

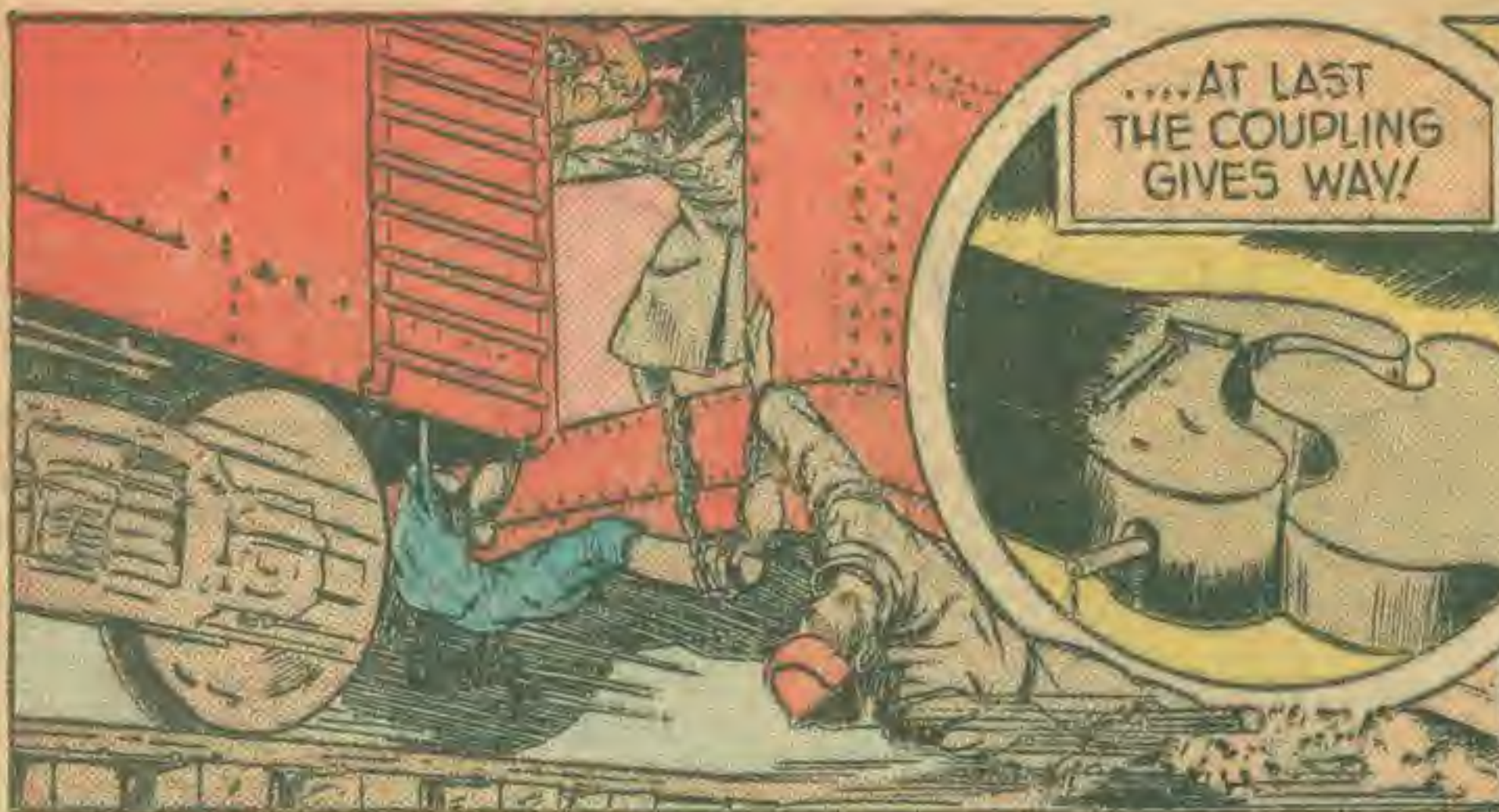


HAND ME A WRENCH! I'LL LOOSEN THE COUPLING, AND SEPARATE THIS CAR...

CAREFUL, BLACK X!



MEANWHILE, THE RUSSIANS OPEN FIRE AND ATTEMPT TO ENTER THE CAR... UNDERNEATH, BLACK X WORKS FURIOUSLY AGAINST TIME...



....AT LAST
THE COUPLING
GIVES WAY!



INCH BY INCH THE CARS PART..

GET ALONG
POLE, TOMMY!

YESSIR!

SLOWLY THEY PUSH AHEAD OF
THE SECOND CAR, MAKING A
GAP BETWEEN THEM!



A MOMENT LATER, LOGS
ARE DROPPED IN ITS PATH.



HOORAY! WE'VE
DERAILED THEM!



AND THE CAR CONTINUES ON
AHEAD, SPED BY ITS MOMENTUM..



ON THE TRACK AHEAD...



LOOK, CAPTAIN,
A RUNAWAY CAR!

THERE'S A SUPPLY TRAIN
COMING UP! THERE WILL
BE A CRASH!



BLAST IT OFF
THE RAILS, COMRADE!
WE CANNOT RISK
AN ACCIDENT!

INSIDE THE CAR...



YOU'D BETTER LEAVE,
BLACKX, THIS ISN'T
YOUR WAR!

RIGHT!
GOOD BYE!



HOLD TIGHT,
TOMMY... HERE
WE GO!



THE FIRST SHELL SEEMS TO HALT THE
CAR IN ITS TRACKS....



THE SECOND COMPLETELY DERAILS IT!



NOT ONE OF THEM
ESCAPED THAT
WRECK!

G-GOSH! WE
SURE JUMPED
OFF IN TIME!



AND NOW, TOMMY, WE'LL
HAVE TO WALK. THE FINNISH
BORDER IS
THIS WAY!



IF WE CAN REACH A TOWN,
MY CREDENTIALS WILL SECURE
US A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND
AND FROM THERE, HOME!



LASHED BY BLIZZARDS, OUR INTREPID
HEROES JOURNEY WEARILY TO THEIR
DESTINATION....



KEEP SINGING, TOMMY...
D-DON'T GO TO
SLEEP...



BACK IN WASHINGTON, 4,000 MILES
AWAY, IN A DARK SECLUDED CORNER
OF HIS ROOM, BATU TRIES DESPERATE-
LY TO REACH BLACKX BY TELEPATHY..



THE TERRIFIC MENTAL PRESSURE
SHOWS ITS EFFECT, AS BEADS OF
PERSPIRATION ROLL FROM HIS
TIGHTLY KNITTED BROW....



I-I'M LOST... I CAN'T
SEE! I'M SNOW
BLIND!

THEN, PROBABLY FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HISTORY, ONE MAN CONTACTS ANOTHER OVER 4,000 MILES OF SEA AND HIGH MOUNTAINS. . . .



THUS, GUIDED BY THE VISION OF HIS FAITHFUL VALET, BLACK X, BLINDED BY THE SNOW, STRUGGLES ON. . . .



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, HE IS SPIED BY A FINNISH OUTPOST. . . .



THERE! WARM FOOD AND A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP ARE WHAT THEY NEED. WE'LL SEND THEM ALONG WITH THE PATROL GOING TO HELSINKI TOMORROW.



NEXT MORNING, THEY ARE PACKED ABOARD A SLED AND THE PATROL SETS OUT. . . .

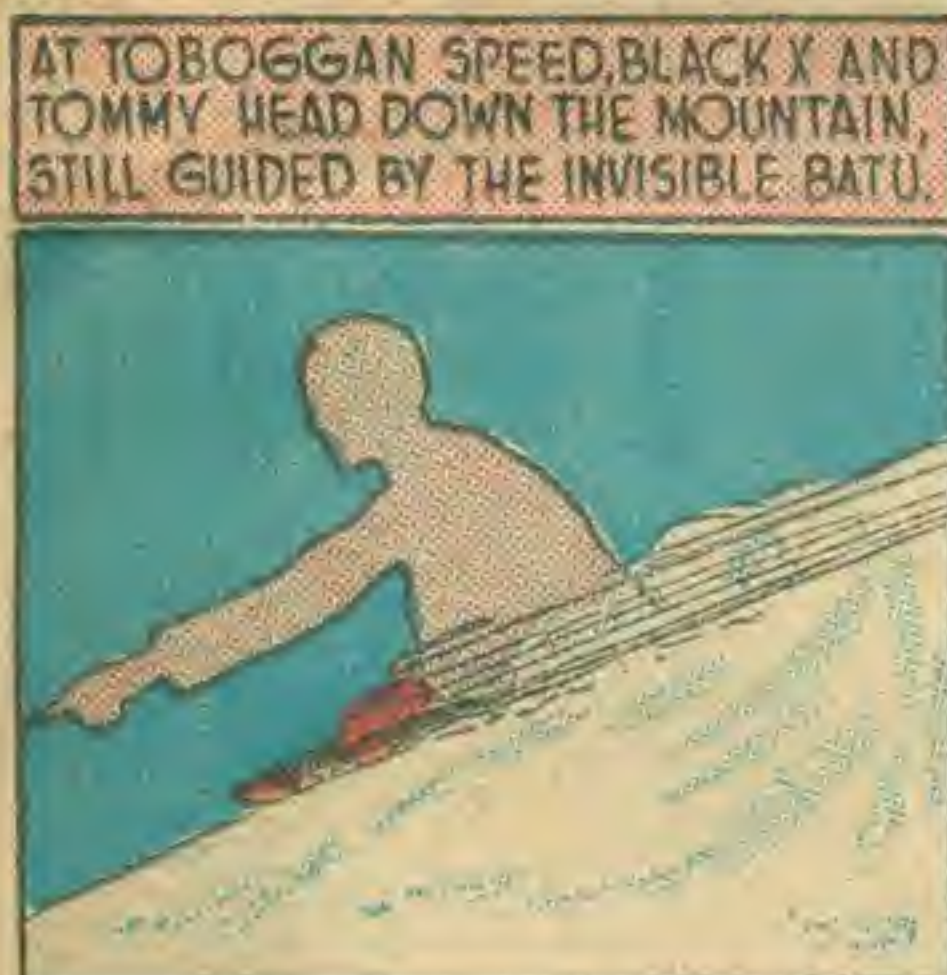


OUTSIDE HELSINKI, THEY ARE ATTACKED BY A RUSSIAN PATROL. . . .



THE FINNS FIGHT BRAVELY, BUT THE SURPRISE GIVES THE ATTACKERS THE ADVANTAGE, AND WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARS, ONLY TWO RUSSIAN SOLDIERS REMAIN TO TAKE OVER!





CHIC CARTER



ACE REPORTER



IT'S A RAINY NIGHT IN NEW YORK... NEAR THE UNITED STATES SUB-TREASURY BUILDING...

WELL! IF IT AIN'T MR. CARTER! AND HOW ARE YA, SIR?

FINE, DUGAN! HOW'S IT GOING?



SUDDENLY A WEIRD FIGURE ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION OF CHIC AND THE POLICEMAN...

AND PRAY TELL ME... WHAT'S THAT?

I DON'T KNOW! LET'S FIND OUT!



HEY YOU! JUST A MINUTE--- OHHHH!



AS DUGAN FALLS, THE FIGURE TURNS AND WALKS THROUGH THE WALLS OF THE TREASURY BUILDING!

W-WHAT? I--I MUST BE SEEING THINGS!



HE WALKED STRAIGHT THROUGH A SOLID WALL... AND INTO THE TREASURY! I'LL HAVE TO WARN THE GUARDS INSIDE!



..BUT I TELL YOU THERE'S A MAN IN HERE.. YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM!

HOW COULD HE WALK RIGHT THROUGH A THREE FOOT WALL, EH? WHAT ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO, KID ME?



SUDDENLY A VOLLEY OF SHOTS ECHO THROUGH THE BUILDING..

THAT MUST BE HIM NOW! FOLLOW ME!



AS CHIC AND THE GUARDS ENTER A VAULT ROOM THEY SEE..



W-WHY! HE CAN'T BE REAL! LOOK- OUR BULLETS GO RIGHT THROUGH HIM!





THANKS FOR THE MONEY, GENTS! I'LL LEAVE THE WAY I CAME IN!



"DAILY STAR"? GIVE ME THE CITY DESK... CHIEF! HOLD THE PRESS.. I'LL GIVE YOU THE BIGGEST "SCOOP" IN YEARS!



WHAT? THE SUB-TREASURY ROBBED! STAY THERE AND COVER THE STORY!



CHARLIE! EDDIE! GET DOWN TO THE SUB-TREASURY QUICK! I'M REMAKING THE FRONT PAGE...GET PICTURES AND PICK UP THE REST OF CARTER'S STORY!



SOME PICTURES! THREE BODIES AND A BLANK WALL THAT A GUY WALKED THROUGH...SOMEBODY'S BATTY!



IMAGINE! ALL OF NEW YORK LOOKING FOR ONE MAN..AND NOT A TRACE OF HIM! IF WE ONLY HAD A CLUE...!



WHEN HE WALKED THROUGH A SOLID WALL HIS BODY SEEMED TO GLOW! HMM..MAYBE I CAN FIND SOME "LEAD" TO THIS MYSTERY IN OUR FILES!



THIS ISN'T EASY...JOE, HAND ME THAT STUFF ON CHEMISTS!



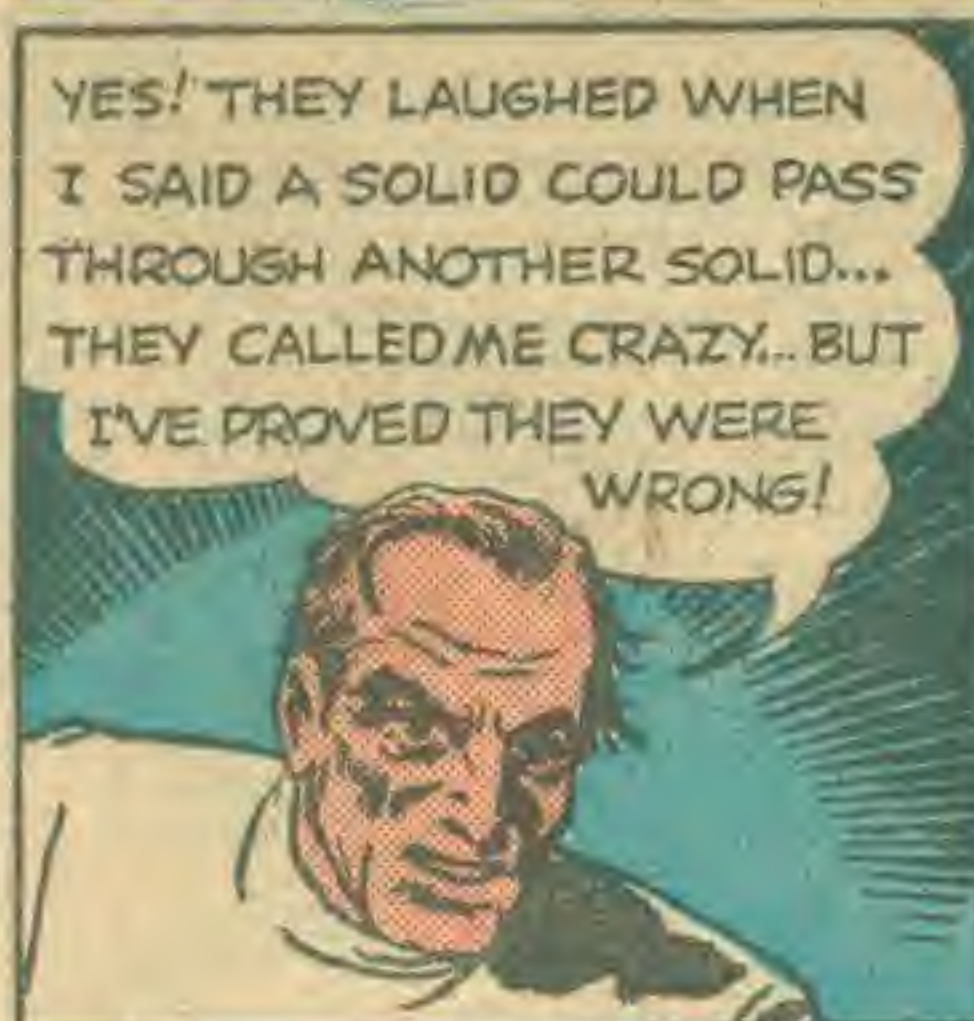
OH..OH! THIS MIGHT BE SOMETHING!



PROFESSOR KRAUSS, NOTED CHEMIST, ADVANCES THEORY OF SENDING SOLIDS THROUGH SOLIDS... DEVICES NEW RADIUM FORMULA



RADIUM! THAT EXPLAINS THE GLOW... TEN TO ONE HE IS OUR MAN!





Wun Cloo

THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE

by GILL FOX

HELLO, WUN CLOO?
THIS IS WARDEN
CLAWS OF THE STATE
PRISON-YOU MUST
COME TO MY
OFFICE IMMEDIATELY



SO! WARDEN IN
BIG RUSH ABOUT
SOMETHING!



A SHORT
WHILE
LATER..
AT A
SIDE
GATE
OF THE
STATE
PRISON



MR. WUN CLOO,
I AM TO ESCORT
YOU TO THE
WARDEN'S OFFICE

THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE
HERE, WUN CLOO-I
WILL BE BRIEF FOR
THERE IS NO TIME TO
WASTE- THERE
IS TO BE A
PRISON
BREAK!



THE RINGLEADER OF
THE ESCAPE IS
MOE THE MOPE,
THE MOST VICIOUS
PRISONER IN THE
UNITED STATES!

WHERE DOES
WUN CLOO
COME IN?



YOU ARE TO
BECOME A CONVICT
SO THAT YOU CAN
'GET IN' GOOD
WITH THIS
SUPER-
THUG!



AH! I SEE-
I BREAK UP
PRISON BREAK
AND MAKE A
DOPE OF THIS
MOPE!

THAT'S
MOE THE MOPE
OVER
THERE
NOW!

IN THE
PRISON
YARD THE
NEXT
DAY...



I CAN'T STAND DIS
'PEN' ANY LONGER, SLUG
..WE'LL STAGE DIS RIOT
AN' ESCAPE T'NIGHT!!

EASY ON DE
GAB,
MOE!



PARDON GENTS, BUT I
DESIRE TO BE
PART OF YOUR
PLANS!

SCRAM-
OR I'LL
THROW
DIS..



WUN CLOO
DOES NOT
KNOW HOW TO
THROW KNIFE-



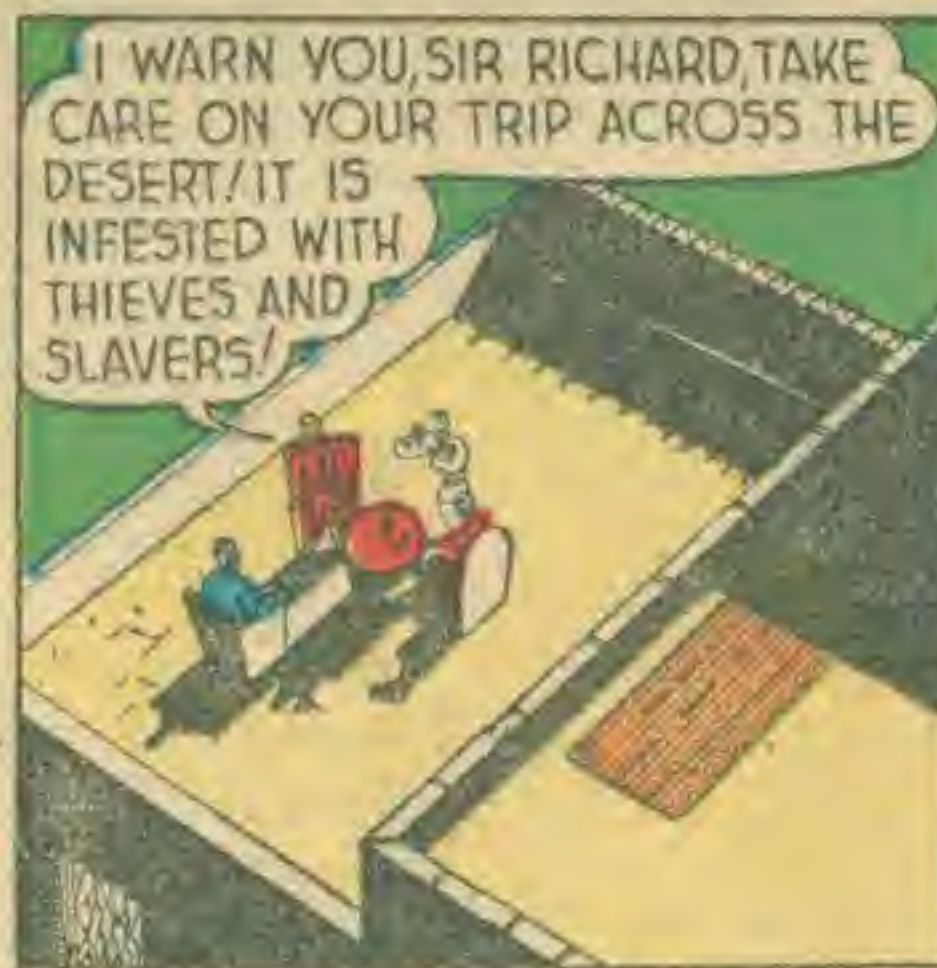
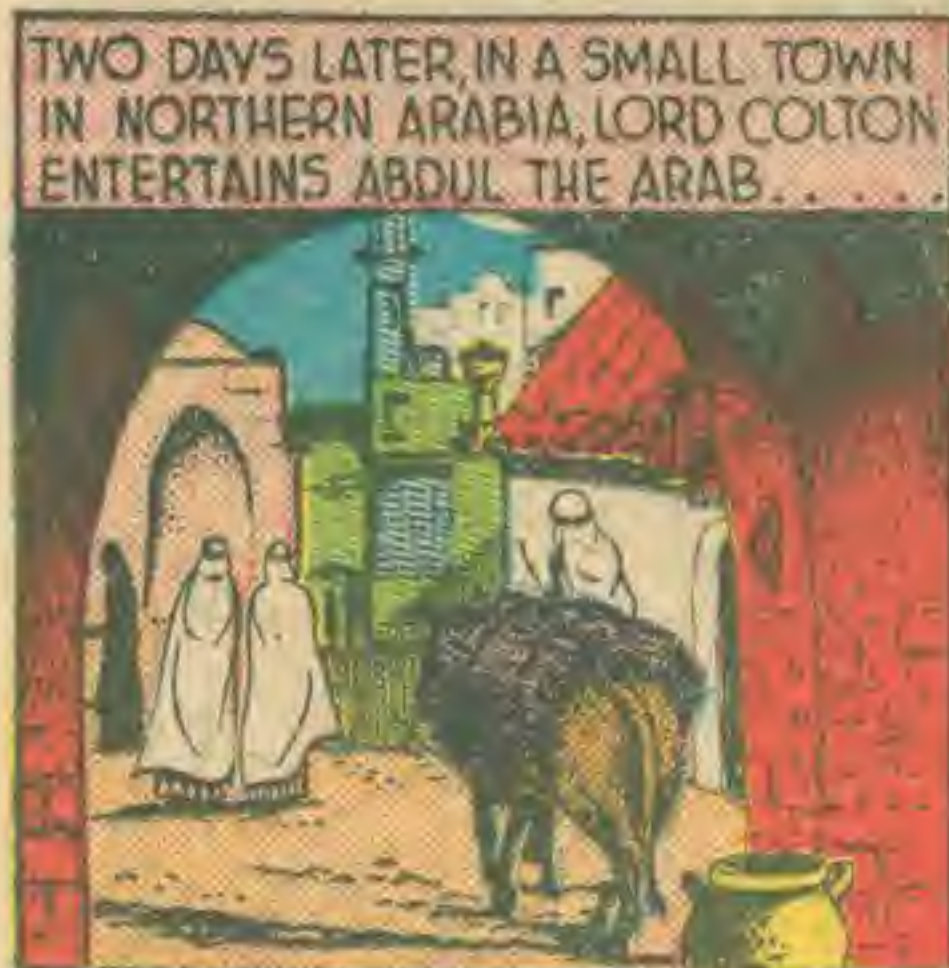
-BUT WUN CLOO
CAN THROW MAN
AND
KNIFE!





ABDUL the ARAB

by Powell Roberts







HORROR STRICKEN, KATHY TURNS HER FACE AWAY AS ABDUL DRIVES HIS BLADE INTO KARTUK'S CHEST.



MY HORSE IS OUTSIDE THE BACK WALL! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!



QUICKLY GAINING THE REAR WALL, KATHY CLAMBERS DOWN THE ROPE TO ABDUL'S HORSE. SUDDENLY, A SQUAD OF GUARDS RUSHES UP.



BALANCED PRECARIOUSLY ON THE NARROW LEDGE, ABDUL FACES THE ONRUSH OF THE SENTRIES. WITH ONE POWERFUL BLOW, ABDUL SENDS THE LOT OF THEM CRASHING TO THE COURT-YARD BELOW.



VAULTING THE WALL, ABDUL DIVES AND GRASPS A PALM BRANCH.



AND SWINGS DOWN TO HIS HORSE, BEHIND THE GIRL.



GRASPING THE REINS, ABDUL SPURS HIS HORSE AND THEY THUNDER OUT INTO THE DESERT.



THANKS FOR THE LIFT, ABDUL?



NO, THANK YOU! IT IS SELDOM I HAVE SO LOVELY A PASSENGER!

RETURNING TO THE CARAVAN OF HASSAN AND LORD COLTON, ABDUL RETURNS LADY KATHY SAFELY TO HER FATHER.



NOW, MY FRIENDS, IT IS DONE! YOU SHALL BE BOTHERED NO MORE. SO WE TAKE OUR LEAVE! FAREWELL!



CAPTAIN COOK OF SCOTLAND YARD

THE MYSTERY
OF THE
LUMINOUS
EYES...

IT IS LATE
AT NIGHT IN
A WELL-TO-
DO PART OF
LONDON...A
PAIR OF
LUMINOUS
EYES ARE
WATCHING...



A DOOR KNOB TURNS AND
THE EYES MOVE FORWARD
... INTO AN APARTMENT
BEDROOM...



AND IN A FLASH
THE FIERY
BALLS ARE
GONE...



AT SCOTLAND YARD...

...AND WHEN I
TURNED ON THE LIGHTS
THE EYES **DISAPPEARED**,
AND A **GREEN** NECKTIE
WAS GONE FROM MY
CLOSET!



A WOMAN PASSING DOWN A DARK-
ENED STREET, CROSSES AN ALLEYWAY



HE MADE NO
ATTEMPT TO
HARM ME,
OFFICER-BUT
HE SNATCHED
MY **GREEN**
HAT!

THAT
MONSTER
AGAIN!



THE MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN
AND AGAIN! HE HAS TAKEN
ONLY SMALL THINGS. A NECKTIE.
A HAT. A KITCHEN DISH AND A
WOMAN'S COAT...ALL COLORED
GREEN! THEN AS TIME PASSES.



CHIEF, FOR TWO MONTHS
NO ONE HAS SEEN THE
LUMINOUS EYES! BUT
THE CASE HAS NOT
BEEN SOLVED!



CAPTAIN COOK SPEAKS TO
HIS SUPERIOR...

SO FAR, NO ONE'S BEEN
HURT--BUT NO ONE
KNOWS WHEN THIS
MONSTER
WILL
STRIKE A
DEADLY
BLOW!









Captain Cook solves another absorbing mystery in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

SMALL STUFF

A PACKAGE OF DOG BISCUITS, SOME CATNIP, A BOX OF BIRD SEED, TOAST AN' COFFEE — MY FOLKS ARE ON A VACATION

IF Y'GOT A TOOTHACHE THE TEACHER'LL LET Y'GO TO THE DENTIST

I KNOW IT—SO I'M WAITIN' TILL LUNCH HOUR'S OVER!

PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 57

AYE NOO, LADDIE, INTA TH' SUITCASE — TH' TROLLEY'S ACOMING!

WHAT KIND OF A HORSE DO Y'WANT TO HIRE?

A LONG ONE—THERE'S SEVEN OF US!

..TODAY... DOUBLE FEATURE, SELECTED SHORTS, NEWSREEL, BINGO, SCREENO, BANK NIGHT--DISHS.

HUH—WHEN HE GETS OUTTA THERE, HE'LL BE OLD ENOUGH TO VOTE!

JOE AND MOE ARRANGED TO MEET, ED AND TED ON CLANCY STREET, 'PHONED THEY'D GET THERE FIRST AND WAIT, (ED'S OLD BIKE WOULD MAKE HIM LATE).

ED (the smoothie!) SCHEMED A SCHEME, SAID "WE'LL RACE! THE LOSING TEAM, 'BUYS THE MILKSHAKES, RIGHT? LET'S GO! " (BOY, OH BOY, WHAT THEY DON'T KNOW!)"

FAST AS JOE AND MOE COULD HEAD, TO THE MEETING-PLACE THEY SPED, SURE THEY'D GET THERE FIRST, TO GREET, ED AND TED AT CLANCY STREET.

"THIS IS SOFT, SAID MOE TO JOE, "TOUGH THAT ED'S OLD BIKE'S SO SLOW!" (CRAFTY ED "FORGOT" TO SAY, HIS NEW BIKE ARRIVED THAT DAY!)"

TED HAD LISTENED TO ED BOAST, HOW HIS BIKE WOULD SPEED AND COAST—THOUGHT THE BRAG MIGHT BE A FAKE 'TIL HE SPIED THE COASTER-BRAKE.

"HOT DOG! SO YOU GOT A MORROW!" "WILL WE FILL THOSE GUYS WITH SORROW!" "WE CAN TAKE THE TWISTY HILL — "WITH THAT BRAKE, YOU'LL NEVER SPILL!"

SURE, YOU KNOW WHO WON THE RACE. SEE ED'S HAPPY GRINNING FACE! (VICTORY IS TWICE AS SWEET, AFTER YOU HAVE KNOWN DEFEAT!)

MAKE SURE YOUR NEW BIKE HAS A MORROW COASTER BRAKE!

Famous for 40 years! Fastest stopping, easiest pedaling, longest coasting; more ball bearings (31) than any other brake. Your bicycle dealer can furnish a Morrow brake on any bike—ask for it!

ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION of Bendix Aviation Corporation, Dept. 263, Elmira, N. Y.

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WINGS WENDALL

by VERNON HENKEL

A CRACK TRAIN ROARS TOWARD SEATTLE-ABOARD IS WINGS WENDALL, AMERICA'S ACE INTELLIGENCE OFFICER...



HOW QUIET AND PEACEFUL IS THE COUNTRYSIDE...NICE HOMES...AND SO FAR FROM THE STRIFE OF EUROPE..YET EVIL FORCES ARE AT WORK TRYING TO DESTROY THE



GOOD THINGS WE HAVE!

AS WINGS LEAVES THE TRAIN IN A GREAT SEATTLE STATION, SPYING EYES WATCH HIM CLOSELY



TAXI, SIR?

RIGHT!



..IN THE CAB HE DISCOVERS HE IS NOT ALONE!!



SO SORRY TO STARTLE YOU, CAPTAIN WENDALL!

WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, MISTER? YOU GOT ME WRONG..MY NAME'S NOT WENDALL!



CAPTAIN WENDALL.. PLEASE.. I KNOW YOU!

I GUESS YOU GOT ME..MIND IF I SMOKE?



GO AHEAD... IT MAY BE YOUR LAST!

THANKS!



FLICKING THE CIGARETTE IN HIS CAPTOR'S FACE, WINGS GRABS FOR THE GUN...



THERE IS A MUFFLED REPORT.. A BODY GOES LIMP!



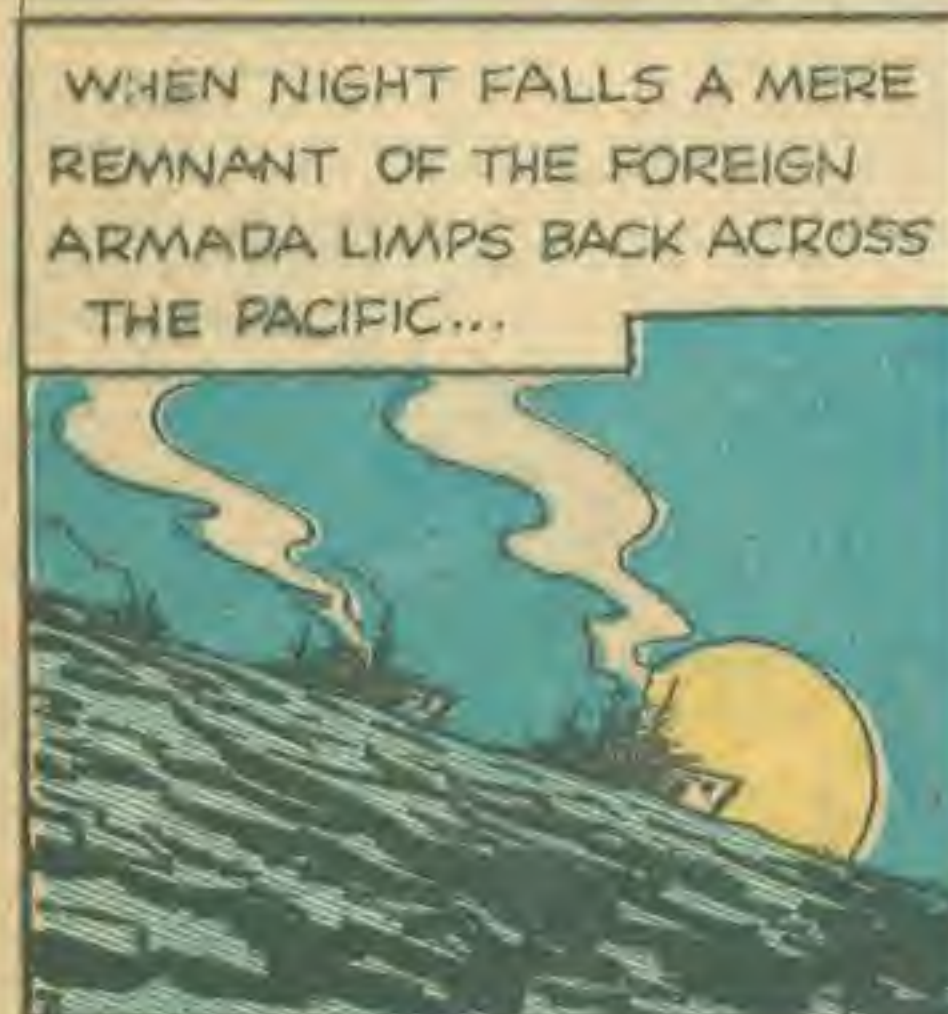












ARCHIE

OTDOLE

By Bud Thomas





INVISIBLE JUSTICE

by ART GORDON,

JOHN BARR, FINANCIER, HAS CALLED IN KENT THURSTON, THE INVISIBLE HOOD TO SEEK HIS AID....

KENT - THE GREEN GHOST MUST BE CAUGHT - HE'S COMMITTED SEVERAL ROBBERIES IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD LATELY AND I'M AFRAID I'M NEXT--

NOT ONLY THAT - BUT HE SEEMS TO KNOW WHEN A BIG DEAL IS GOING TO TAKE PLACE - THAT MEANS HE MUST BE A MEMBER OF OUR RICH SET!!

AS YOUR ATTORNEY, MR. BARR, I HAVE TAKEN UTMOST CARE TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM KNOWING OF YOUR DEAL - I PRESUME YOU HAVE THE CASH WITH YOU--

SUDDENLY THERE IS A VOICE FROM BEHIND THEM--

THEN I'LL TAKE IT, BARR - HANDS UP, GENTLEMEN!

YES, WARD, IT'S IN MY POCKET!

I-IT'S THE GREEN GHOST!!

RIGHT! NOW GIVE ME THAT MONEY - QUICK!

WE'LL GET YOU YET, MR. GHOST!

NEVER MIND THE TALK - HA-HA!!

MAYBE THIS'LL DO THE TRICK, EH?

BANG! BANG! BANG!

QUICK AS A FLASH, ATTORNEY WARD DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES....

GREAT SCOTT--!! HE'S STILL ALIVE!!

HA-HA-BULLETS CAN'T HARM THE GREEN GHOST - YOU'LL NEVER KILL OR GET ME - GOOD NIGHT, MEN - IT'S BEEN A PROFITABLE EVENING - HA-HA!!

WELL - HE'S GONE! IT'S FANTASTIC - H-HE MUST REALLY BE A GHOST, EH, WARD?

NONSENSE, BARR - BUT I DON'T SEE HOW HE DID IT!!

HMM - HIS OUTFIT WAS CLOSE FITTING - A BULLET-PROOF VEST WOULD'VE BULGED OUT -







HERE'S MY HIDEOUT—
CLIMB UP THAT
LADDER—IT LEADS
TO A TRAP-DOOR
WHICH OPENS UP
INTO THE BOATHOUSE!
PRETTY SLICK, EH?



WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO
WITH ME?

HA-HA-TIME
WILL TELL,
BARR!!



TAKE
THAT—!

UGH—!



THAT DID THE
TRICK—NOW TO
SEE WHO HE
IS—



WHAT
TH—!!

HANDS UP,
BARR—
I'LL TAKE
CARE OF
THE GREEN
GHOST!!
HA-HA!!

AS THE GREEN GHOST TURNS
TO CLOSE THE TRAP-DOOR,
BARR SEES HIS CHANCE...



I SEE MY
PAL IS
RECOVERING
FROM YOUR
BLOW, BARR!!

SO—THERE ARE TWO
GREEN
GHOSTS!!



YES, BARR—I WAS THE
ONE WHO HELD YOU
UP AT YOUR HOME
THE OTHER
NIGHT!!

AND AS YOU
ALREADY KNOW,
I DID THE
POWERS
HOLDUP!!
HA-HA!!



WHILE ONE OF US WAS
DOING THE ROBBING,
THE OTHER HAD AN
ALIBI—THAT'S HOW WE
ESCAPED SUSPICION—!!

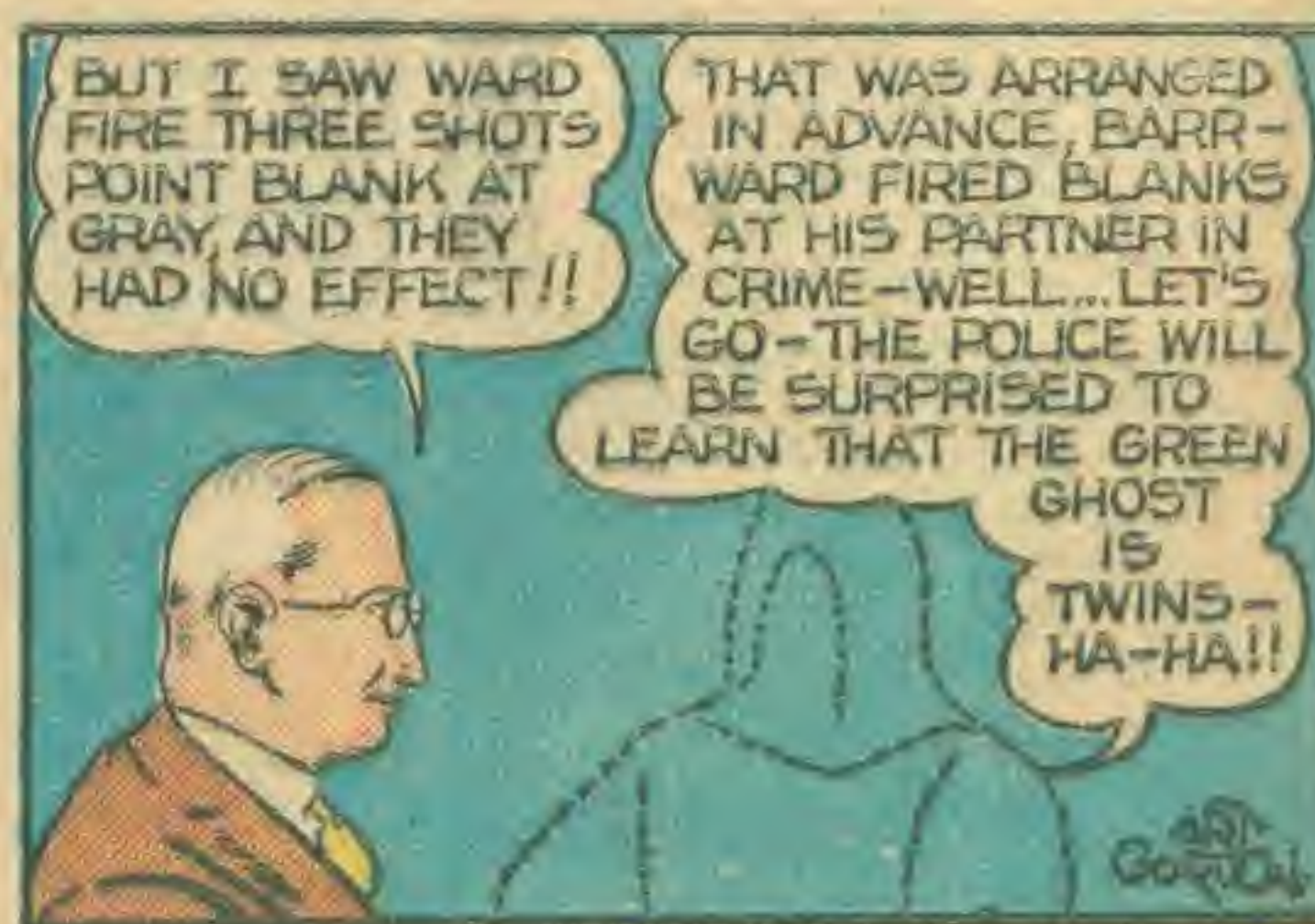


MEANWHILE, THE INVISIBLE HOOD
HAS REACHED THE HIDEOUT....

TWO
GREEN
GHOSTS, EH?
HERE'S
WHERE THE
FUN BEGINS!



NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW
OUR REAL IDENTITIES, BARR—
WE HAVE SWORN TO
KEEP THEM SECRET!!



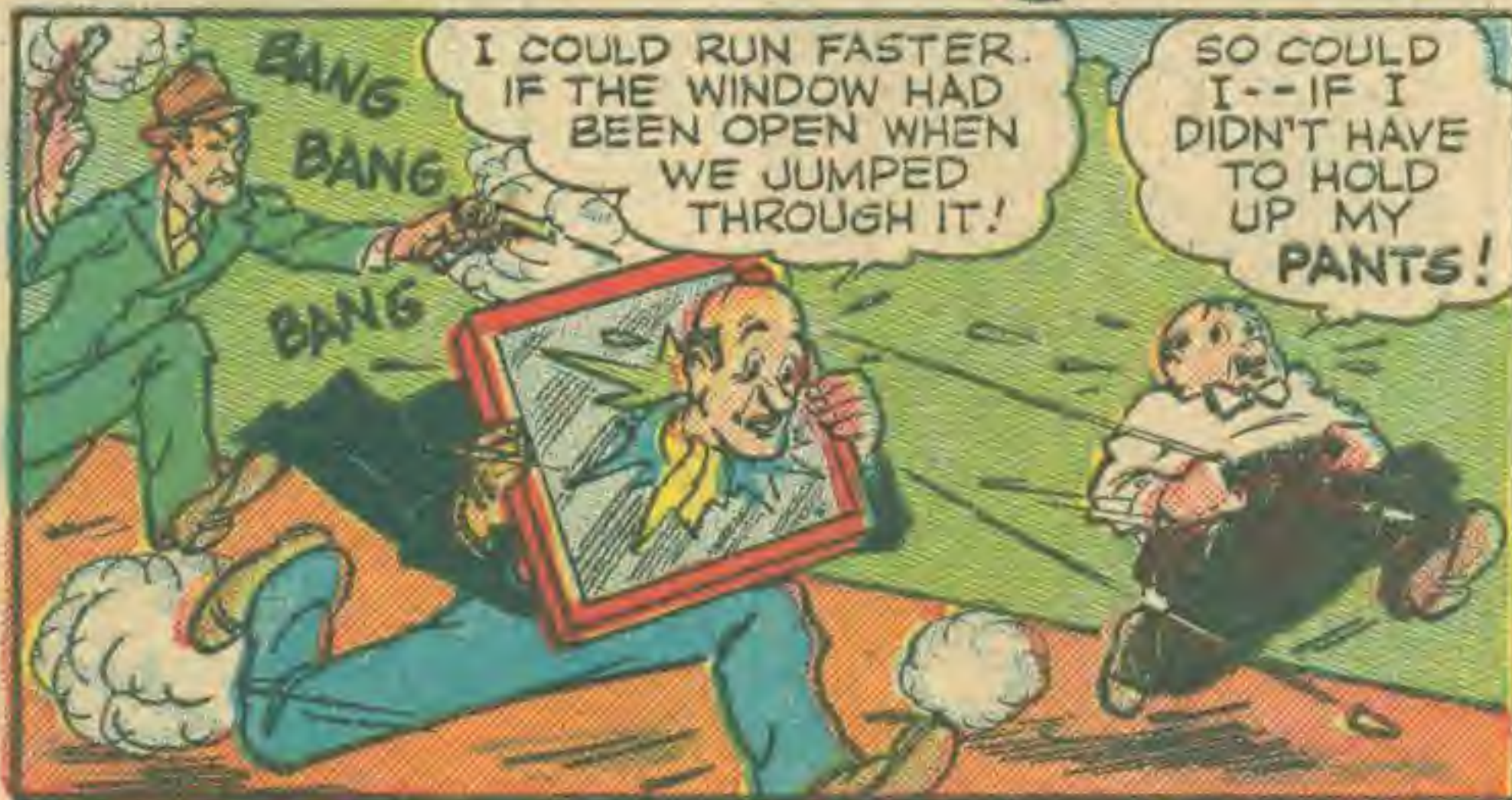


SMASH COMICS is the "tops" in monthly comic magazines.

PHILPOT VEEP

by Devlin





Sportraits



BUCKY DOWNED THE BROOKLYN DODGERS SEVEN TIMES DURING 1939, A RECORD NUMBER OF WINS FOR A PITCHER OVER ANY ONE TEAM...

BRILLIANT MOUNDSMAN OF THE CINCINNATI REDS... **"BUCKY"** LAST SEASON'S NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPS ...HIS GREAT PITCHING WAS THE TALK OF BASEBALL...

WALTERS



C'MON BUCKY, TAKE IT... YA WON IT!

AW G'WAN, YOU'RE KIDDIN'... IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!!



IT WAS PROBABLY DUE TO BUCKY'S GREAT HURLING THAT THE REDS CAME THROUGH WITH THEIR FIRST CHAMPIONSHIP IN TWENTY YEARS!

WALTERS! HOW MANY TIMES MUST I TELL YOU THAT YOU CAN'T PITCH FROM THIRD BASE?

OH GEE, I FORGOT...

-BILL FOR-



WHILE WITH THE PHILLIES, WALTERS, WHO WAS A THIRD BASEMAN, WAS CONVERTED TO PITCHING...

SWEET
SQUARE

JOHN LAW Scientective

JOHN LAW, SCIENTIST, LAWYER AND CRIMINOLOGIST IS RETAINED BY A GROUP OF 13 WEALTHY MEN, WHOSE RUIN IS PLOTTED BY A MYSTERIOUS ENEMY, KNOWN AS "THE AVENGER".

LAW EXPOSED THE AVENGER AS JAMES ROWAN, AN INSANE INVENTOR, WHO BELIEVES THE 13 AMASSED THEIR WEALTH BY PIRATING AN INVENTION OF HIS, MANY YEARS AGO.

ROWAN HAD BEEN POSING AS ALBERT LEWIS, ONE OF THE 13, AND HAD LOCKED THE REAL LEWIS IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

HERE'S A COURT ORDER FOR THE RELEASE OF ALBERT LEWIS.

MR. LAW!

FINE! I'LL GO UP TO THE SANITARIUM TOMORROW, JUDGE!

...FLASH!... YOUR KEY-HOLE REPORTER HAS LEARNED THAT ALBERT LEWIS, WEALTHY LOCAL LIGHT, WHO HAS BEEN FRAUDULENTLY CONFINED IN THE LOONEY-BIN AT SHADY NOOK, IS TO BE RELEASED!...

I'LL GO ALONG!

JOHN LAW, KNOWN AS THE SCIENTECTIVE, WILL BAIL HIM OUT TOMORROW...

THAT NIGHT, JUNE CARTER, LAW'S ASSISTANT, HEARS THE NEWS FLASHES.

JOHN LAW, THE SCIENTECTIVE, WILL BAIL HIM OUT TOMORROW...

HA! THANKS FOR THE TIP!

ALSO LISTENING, IS ROWAN, THE AVENGER.

OH JOHN, TAKE ME UP TO SHADY NOOK WITH YOU?

SURE!... SAY-HOW DID YOU KNOW I WAS GOING?

THE NEXT MORNING

WHY, I HEARD IT ON THE RADIO LAST NIGHT!

THAT'S BAD! 10 TO 1, THE AVENGER HEARD IT TOO!

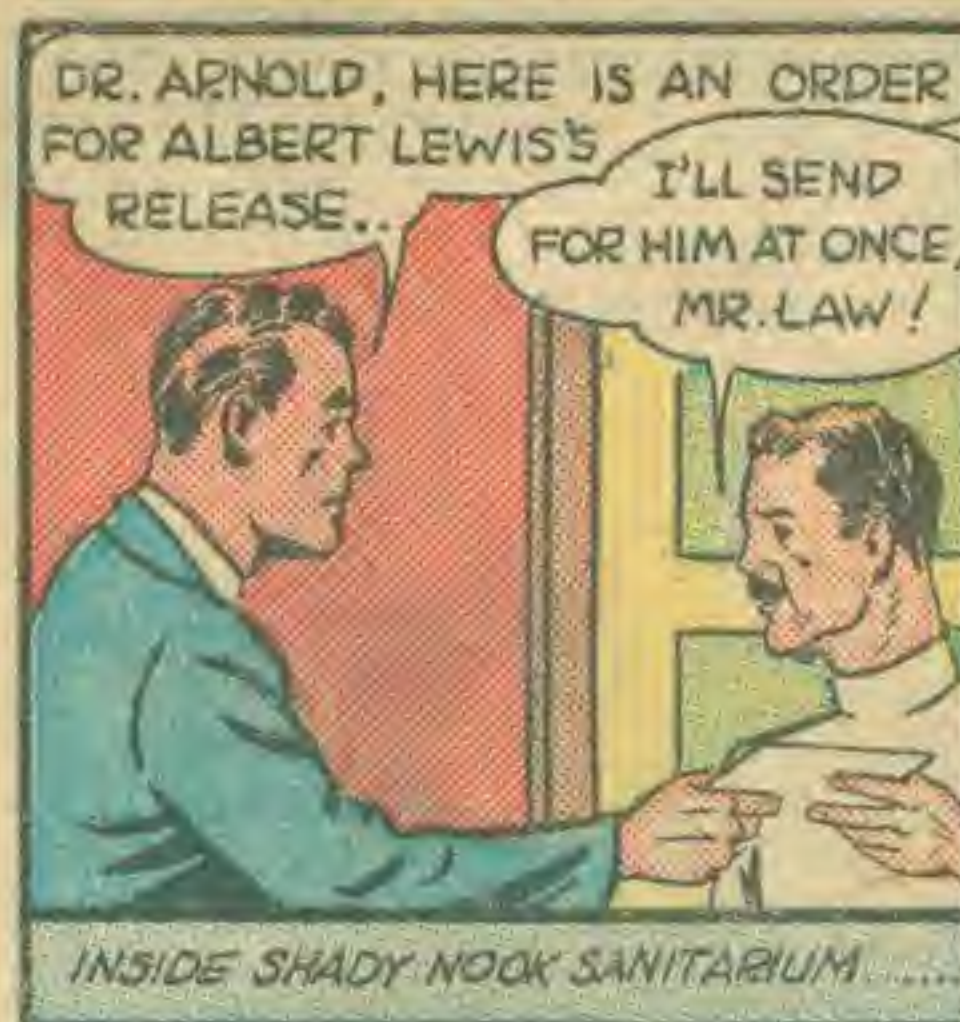
WHY THE FURROWED BROW, JOHN?

I'M WORRIED! THE AVENGER MAY TRY SOMETHING!

OH, JOHN!... PLEASE STOP! I WANT TO GET SOME SYRUP FOR DAD, HE ADORES IT!

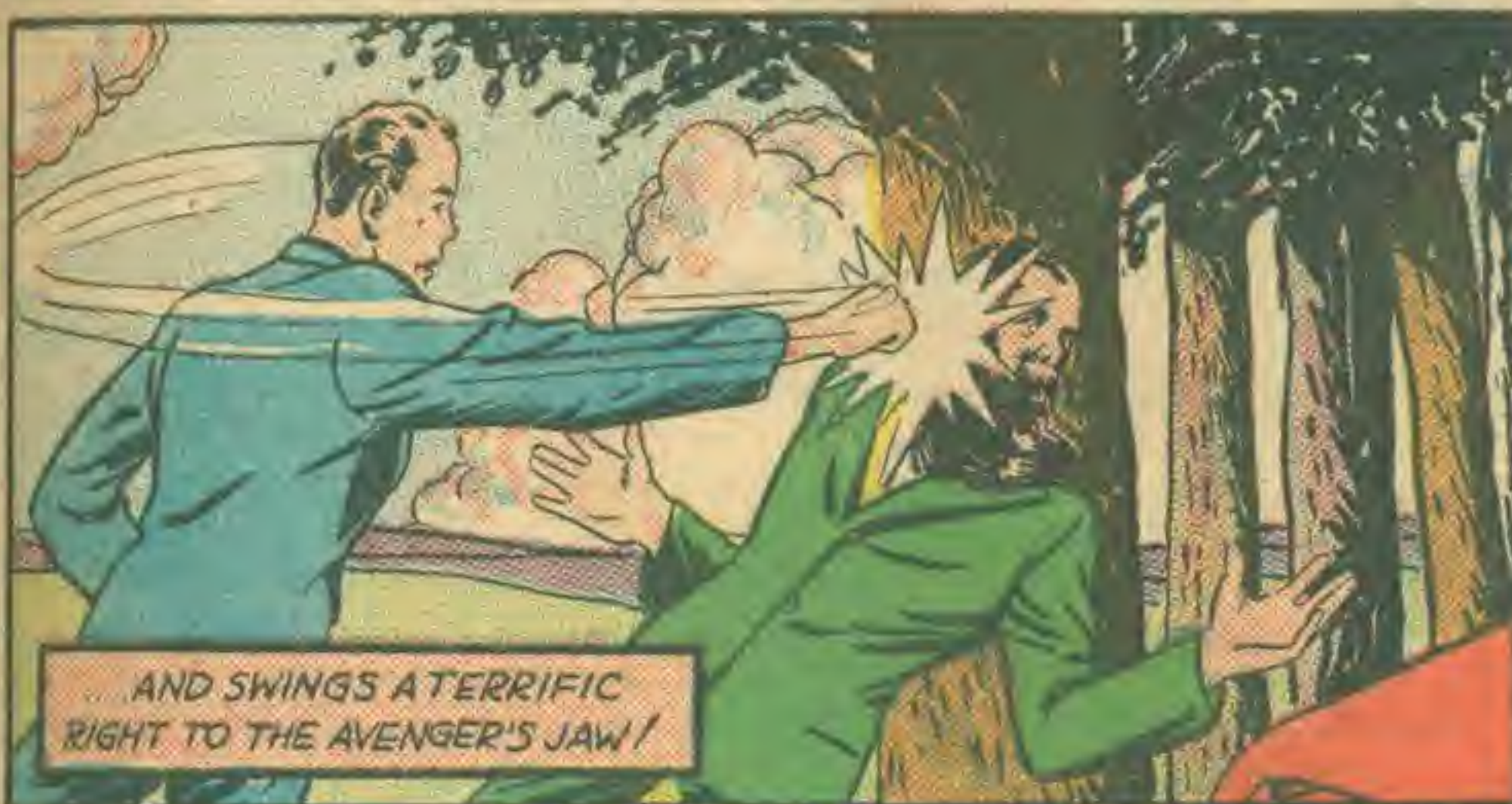
O.K., JUNE, BUT MAKE IT SNAPPY!

STOP
MAPLE SYRUP











Chief John's Legacy

BY ROBERT M. HYATT

"That cube," sighed James Christian to his nephew, Jimmie, "was sent to the consul in Quito about five years ago. He in turn sent it on to me. Yes, it is a mystery, Jimmie. If we could read the writing on its sides I'm sure it would give some key to my brother Gerald's disappearance."

Jimmie Christian nodded, staring at the cube of blue clay that had stood on his uncle's desk for years. It fascinated him. What was its mystery? Some day he would get to the bottom of it, solve the riddle of Gerald Christian's strange disappearance in the Ecuador jungles.

"Uncle James," he said suddenly, "remember what you told me once, that you'd tell me the story of your trip on my eighteenth birthday? Well, today—"

"You scamp!" chided James Christian. "I might've known you wouldn't forget. Well, so I did promise. I haven't told you before because you've got the Christian blood in your veins. I suppose, after you've heard it, you'll be packing off to the jungles in search of Gerry—"

"That, Uncle," interrupted Jimmie, "is exactly what I intend doing—if you'll let me."

James smiled wanly. "Perhaps. But sit down there, youngster, and listen to the weirdest yarn you've ever heard."

It was in April (James Christian began) when Gerry and I landed in Quito. The college had sent us out to locate a tribe of white Indians supposed to live somewhere up the Narribo river. The rains were still on and I was for staying in Quito until they stopped, but Gerry would

have none of it. He was headstrong, wanted to make his mark at college in a hurry.

Against my better judgment, then, we set out with a fairly large party of natives as porters. At least four weeks of rain faced us. If you ever see those wilds, you'll know what rain really is. You'll learn about traveling. Swamps knee-deep with snake-infested water; fever-laden mists rising everywhere; mosquitoes buzzing over you constantly.

Six days out we reached a patch of dry ground and made camp for the night. The porters had been giving us a bit of trouble; they hated the rain, and old John, the headman, had developed a bitter hatred for Gerry. Gerry never was very diplomatic and he'd cussed the old demon out several times. I knew there'd be trouble sometime, and I warned Gerry, but he laughed at me.

That night, as we rolled into our blankets, I had a premonition of disaster and dropped off to sleep with a chill at my spine.

I woke up next morning to hear Gerry cussing like the very dickens. And well he might! Old John and the porters had skipped out during the night, taking our rifles and everything else but a few cases of canned stuff. We had only our side arms.

"We'd better turn back, Gerry," I advised. "We can't push on without porters and supplies."

"Not on your life!" Gerry snapped. "We're half way there. There's plenty of game to be had when we get out of this swamp."

I argued and pleaded with him, but nothing doing. Push on he would!

What a trek! Ten days we strug-

gled through mud and water, fighting off snakes and leeches, while the rain poured down. Then suddenly it stopped and the sun came out. We had had no trouble from natives, and one day we came to the forks of two rivers. One was the Narribo, I knew. An abandoned village was nearby, so we explored it and I found a solid gold goblet of odd design. Gerry's eyes opened when I showed him.

"Nirvarro!" he cried. "Don't you recognize it, Jim? Nirvarros lived here—and they have millions in gold treasure! We're made, old man!"

"But we have a mission, Gerry. We're supposed to find those white Indians."

"Bosh! And get what? A seat at Dexter—on five thousand a year! Ah no, Jimmie, we're looking up the Nirvarros!"

So again, against my will, Gerry prevailed and we started up the lesser river, instead of the Narribo. That night we were awakened by a wild yelling. I leaped up, drawing my automatic. Gerry pulled me down.

"Are you crazy!" he cried. "You'll stop a poisoned dart!"

I dropped just in time. A shower of darts thudded into the packing cases we had placed around us. Death resulted from the tiniest scratch of one of those lethal darts. We fired at shadows. The moon wouldn't be up for a half hour yet, and in the darkness the natives had a decided advantage. There were scores of them and they screeched like devils.



We fired only when a shadow appeared. Gerry pulled my head close to his lips. "Listen, old chap," he said, "I got you into this mess. I should've taken your advice, but I—"

"Nonsense!" I said harshly. "We're both in it. We'll see it through, Gerry."

"Sure," he said. "But in case something happens—you know, to me—"

He never finished. With a fiendish yell, the natives charged. An edge of silver moon was peeping over the jungle, and I saw a horde of naked Indians leaping toward us. Gerry shouted something and hurled himself at them.

I heard an ugly laugh. Then I saw him, Chief John! He had Gerry by the throat, was lifting a heavy club to brain him. I bore in, took the blow on my shoulder, and stuck my pistol against John's stomach. The hammer fell on an empty chamber. The gun was empty!

Chief John's ugly laugh came again. "You I no keel," he sneered. "Heem I kill soon."

Gerry broke away, shouting to me. I had a brief glimpse of him darting toward the trees, then he screamed, half turned, and fell. I could have sworn that a dart protruded from his neck. That's all I remember. When I came to I was tied up in a damp cave. My throat felt parched. I wanted a drink terribly. I jerked at my bonds and strangely enough they came loose without much effort.

It took only a moment to get the cords off my ankles and, after the cramp had gone out of them, I struggled up. I made a step forward, then halted and a scream was almost torn from my throat. There, not ten feet away, issuing from a hole in the cavern's wall, was a monstrous snake. Its huge mouth was open and its hissing was like steam. I drew back and, to my utter horror, felt a thick body thud against my shoulders.

I don't know how I lived through those next few moments. I whirled, brushed the loathsome creature aside, and darted farther into the

cave. There were a full dozen big snakes slithering from the walls, by now. They hissed and swayed, but came no nearer to me. I cowered on the floor and cold sweat-bathed me. It was then I heard a laugh that I remembered well.

"Hah!" said Chief John, who had appeared from a branch cave nearby. "You no lak dem snak'? They no hurt you—nah. They jus' guard cave. You try get away—see w'at beeg snak' do!" With that admonition he left me. My vocal cords wouldn't work. I wanted to ask him what had happened to Gerry, but I couldn't.

For an hour I huddled there. The snakes went back into their



holes and all became quiet again. I was going to make a break. I had to find Gerry. I didn't think he was in the cave. I think I went a little mad.

How was I to get past that barrier of snakes? I felt under my armpit. Yes, my pistol was there—and a spare clip of cartridges. They had searched me, but didn't look there. I loaded the pistol silently and got up. There was no sound, and I began edging along the moist floor of the cave. I passed the first hole. Looking into it I saw two pinpoints of green flame—the big snake's eyes. I hurried past. The next hole was on the opposite side. When I was directly in front of it, a great head darted out. I fired. Then I was running, firing at thick, writhing bodies that blocked my

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way. My shots took effect. In a moment I was outside, running as I had never run before.

It was dawn, but the light was bad, hazy. I fell, exhausted, at the base of a tree. I felt dizzy. Fever. I closed my eyes. My head pounded and a great roaring filled my brain. That's the last I remembered until I came to several days later in a litter borne by some friendly natives. They carried me to Quito, where I spent five weeks in a hospital. Gerry, I was told, died in that midnight raid. Some of his gear was brought in and given to me. Well, I came home then. And for five years now, I've wondered—wondered—

James Christian paused. It was evening and the office was still. Jimmie sat, spellbound. The phone buzzed. James got up to answer it and in doing so scraped the clay cube off the desk. It hit the floor, broke into several pieces.

Jimmie's face went white. He leaped up, screamed, "Uncle—look!"

There, lying on the tile floor, staring up at them out of ghastly, sightless eyes, was a shrunken human head. From the neck protruded a short piece of poisoned dart.

James Christian sat down hard in his chair. "Dear God," he said in an awed voice. "So it was true. Poor old Gerry!"

Read Music For Murder in the
 July Issue of SMASH COMICS
 —on sale May 17th.

CLIP CHANCE



IN THE LOCKER ROOM---



CLIP CRASHES OUT A LONG HIGH ONE---



DESPERATELY HE DIVES FOR THE BALL---





THE NEXT DAY, JUST BEFORE GAME TIME --



CLIP, I HEARD MC SNORT SAYING COACH BARR WOULD BE SORRY FOR PUTTING DELL IN THE GAME TODAY -- DO YOU THINK HE'D TRY ANYTHING UNDER-HANDED?



OF COURSE NOT, SPUD--HE'S PROBABLY JUST SAYING THAT BECAUSE HE'S SORE--I'VE GOT TO GO NOW, I'LL SEE YOU LATER--



THE FIRST MAN UP FOR CATON WALKS---



OOF!



THE NEXT TWO MEN GO DOWN SWINGING---

DICK ARNOLD, CATON'S CLEAN-UP MAN, SENDS THE BALL INTO DEEP LEFT FIELD---



ARNOLD IS CAUGHT STEALING FOR THE THIRD OUT----



SUDDENLY HE COVERS HIS EYES, THE BALL FALLS AT HIS FEET AND A RUN IS SCORED---



DELL IS UNDER IT- WAITING-



THE SUN?-- WHY LEFT FIELD IS COMPLETELY IN THE SHADE -- ARE YOU SURE?



POSITIVE, COACH-- OH-OH, I'M UP NOW-



DELL SINGLES AND PULLS UP AT FIRST---



CLIP SMASHES OUT A HOME RUN, TO PUT CLIFFSIDE AHEAD 2 TO 1 ---

AS THE GAME GOES ON--

IT'S THE BEGINNING OF THE 9TH, JOE - IF CLIFFSIDE CAN HOLD CATON DOWN, THEY'LL WIN!

YEAH - BUT NO THANKS TO THIS GUY DELL - HE'S LET THREE BALLS GET BY SO FAR -



CLIP, MCSNORT DIDN'T SHOW UP - SO YOU TAKE DELL'S PLACE IN LEFT AND CRONIN WILL PLAY CENTER -

OKAY -- HEY-SPUD!

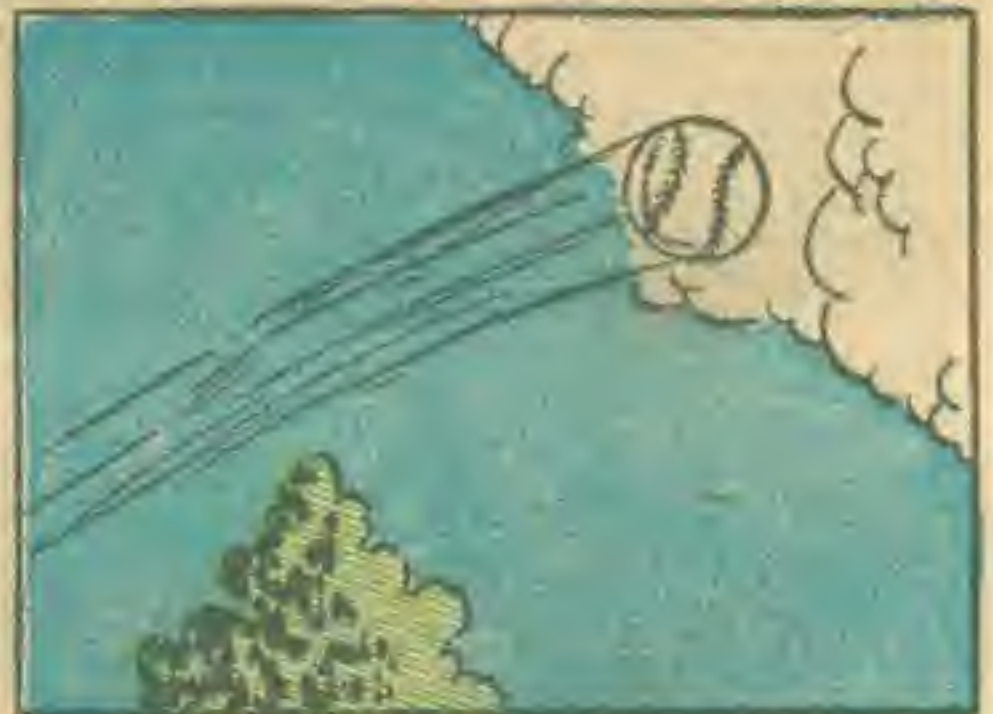


YES CLIP --

LISTEN -- BZZZ -- MCSNORT -- IN THE STANDS --



THE FIRST TWO MEN UP FOR CATON ARE CALLED OUT ON STRIKES, THE THIRD MAN LIFTS THE BALL INTO LEFT FIELD -



AS CLIP IS ABOUT TO SNARE IT, HIS HEAD IS ENVELOPED IN A BLINDING GLARE, THE BALL ROLLS SAFE AND THE BATTER PULLS UP AT THIRD ---



THE NEXT MAN UP ALSO HITS INTO LEFT FIELD ---

OH-OH, THAT GLARE AGAIN -- THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO --



SUDDENLY CLIP THROWS HIMSELF ON HIS BACK AND GRABS THE BALL FOR THE FINAL OUT, AND CLIFFSIDE WINS, 2 TO 1.



LATER - IN THE LOCKER ROOM -

ANYONE SEEN CLIP? -- WHAT TH'??

BIFF
BAM



CLIP!!

JUST A MINUTE, COACH - AND I'LL EXPLAIN -



SPUD FOUND MCSNORT USING A MIRROR TO THROW THE SUN'S RAYS INTO DELL'S EYES, BLINDING HIM SO HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO FIELD THE BALL, AND WE'D LOSE - AND YOU'D BLAME IT ON DELL'S POOR PLAYING !!



More of Clip Chance in the July issue of SMASH COMICS - on sale May 17th.

FLASH FULTON

NEWSREEL ACE
by PAUL GUSTAVSON




THE FIRE ENGINE SOON REACHES THE BLAZING INFERNO OF TENEMENTS!



FLASH HEARS THE FIRE CHIEF SHOUT AN ORDER



I HOPE I CAN GET A COUPLE
OF GOOD SHOTS BEFORE
THOSE FIREMEN GET UP
HERE AND CHASE
ME AWAY!



FLASH "SHOOTS" THE RAGING
TENEMENT FIRE



SUDDENLY, HE IS ATTRACTED
BY THE SCREAMS OF A GIRL!



OVER THERE SHE
MUST BE TRAPPED
BY THE FLAMES!



ONE OF THE FIREMEN SEES
FLASH MOTION TO THE GIRL
AND QUICKLY GOES TO
RESCUE HER...



HURRY... THE FLAMES
ARE GETTING
WORSE!



CLIMB OUT ON THE
LEDGE! YOU'LL BE
SAFER THERE!



AS THE GIRL CLIMBS OUT ON
THE LEDGE, A GREATER
DANGER CONFRONTS HER...
THE WALL OF THE BUILDING
BEGINS TO BREAK AWAY...



A SHOWER OF BRICKS AND
CONCRETE COMES DOWN...
KNOCKING THE FIREMAN OFF
THE RESCUE LADDER....

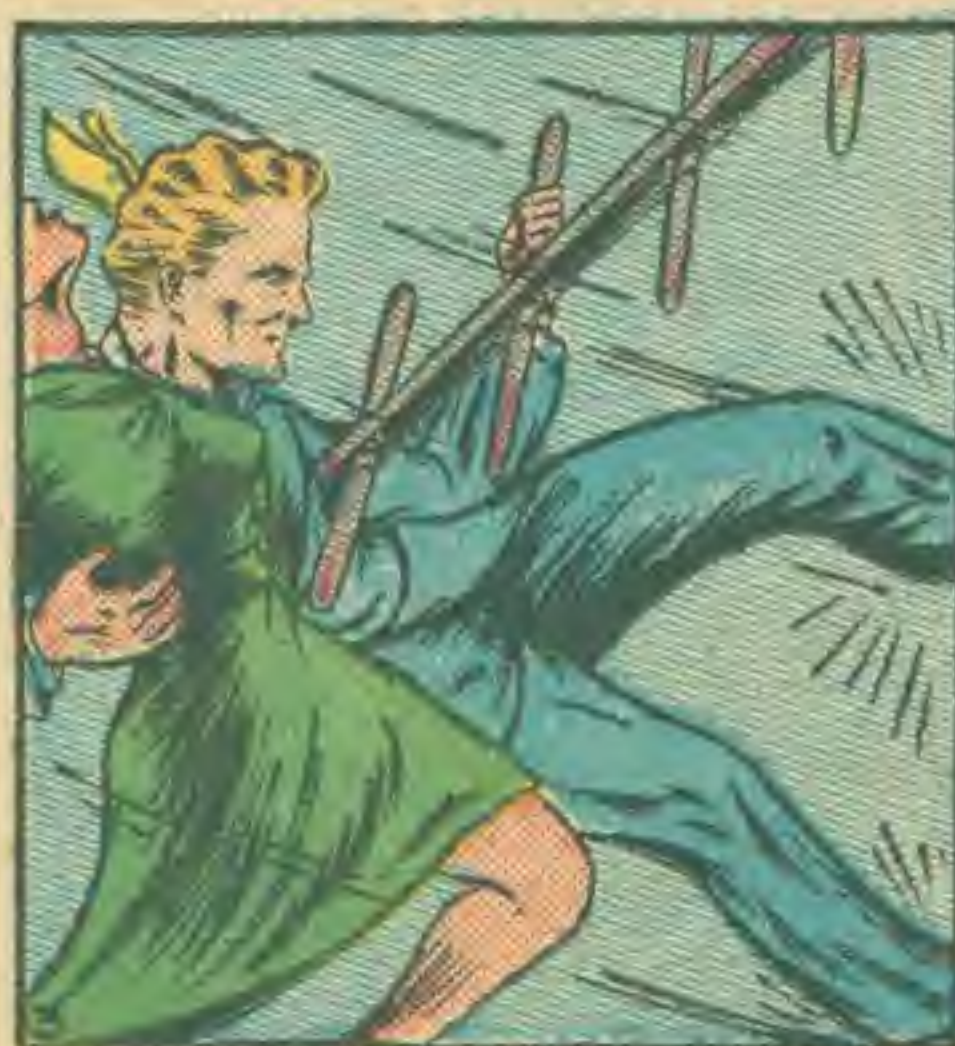


FLASH DESPERATELY LEAPS
FOR THE WINDOW BELOW
THE GIRL



MADE IT! I'LL
HAVE TO WORK
FAST NOW!







TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER I WANT A STATEMENT OUT OF HER WHEN MY SOUND MAN GETS HERE!



I WANT SOME PICTURES OF THIS FIRE-TRAP, JUST IN CASE AN INVESTIGATION COMES UP AS TO WHY IT WASN'T CONDEMNED!



AFTER MAKING SEVERAL REELS OF PICTURES OF THE TENEMENT FIRE, FLASH RETURNS TO THE STREET.



BOY—THERE'S GOING TO BE **SOME** CLEAN-UP IN THE FIRE INSPECTION DEPARTMENT WHEN THESE FILMS ARE RELEASED!



HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE SAFE AND SOUND AGAIN?

I'M STILL SHAKING, BUT I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



I'D LIKE YOU TO SPEAK FOR OUR NEWSREEL..BUT MY SOUND MAN SEEMS TO HAVE LOST HIS WAY!



WELL.... YOU'D BETTER SAVE YOUR STATEMENT FOR THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.... HE MAY BE ABLE TO USE IT MORE THAN I CAN!



HEY, CHIEF.... I'M LEAVING! I HAVE THE PICTURES I WANTED!

FINE... MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO PUT OUT THIS FIRE NOW WITHOUT RUNNING AROUND WITH MY HEART IN MY MOUTH!



IT'S FUNNY ABOUT ANDY... HE'S NEVER MISSED UP ON ANYTHING BEFORE!



MR. FULTON... YOUR PHONE'S BEEN RINGING FOR THE PAST HOUR!

THANKS... I'LL BET IT'S ANDY!

AS FLASH REACHES HIS APARTMENT.



ANDY/WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I'M IN JAIL COULD YOU COME DOWN AN' BAIL ME OUT?



WHAT?? NOW WHAT'D YOU DO?

W-WELL... GULP.....



...DO YOU REMEMBER THAT SHARP CURVE JUST BEFORE YOU GET TO THE STREET WHERE THE FIRE WAS? WELL... I DIDN'T!..AN' YOUR CAR IS WRAPPED AROUND A LAMP POST!

Flash Fulton will thrill you in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

Hugh Hazzard and his

IRON MAN

by
WAYNE
REID.

FLASH!-- THE NUMBERS
RACKET RECEIVED A
SEVERE BLOW, WHEN THREE
OF ITS RING LEADERS WERE
ARRESTED EARLY
TODAY---



LATER..

ON
THE
OTHER
SIDE
OF THE
TOWN-



AND THAT NIGHT-

WORLDLY MAIL
POLICE FOIL BANK ROBBERY.
KILL THREE AND CAPTURE
TWO IN GUN BATTLE.

WE ARE ONLY
BEGINNING, SAYS
COMMISSIONER HUNT,
AS HE ISSUES A
WARNING TO ALL
CRIMINALS.

COMMISSIONER HUNT.

AT THE SAME TIME, IN THE
HEADQUARTERS OF "SMOOTH"
KAZAR, GANGLAND'S RULER-

DID YOU GUYS
SEE THIS ??



THE BULLS ARE
HITTIN' US WHERE IT
HURTS MOST---IN
THE POCKETBOOK--!



IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL
BE WIPE OUT-- FIRST
THEY CLAMP DOWN ON MY
NUMBERS GAME, THEN I LOSE
THAT BANK SWAG--IT'S
GOTTA STOP!



SURE--BUT
HOW??

EASY--



- WE GET
HUNT!

YOU MEAN--
BUMP HIM
OFF ??



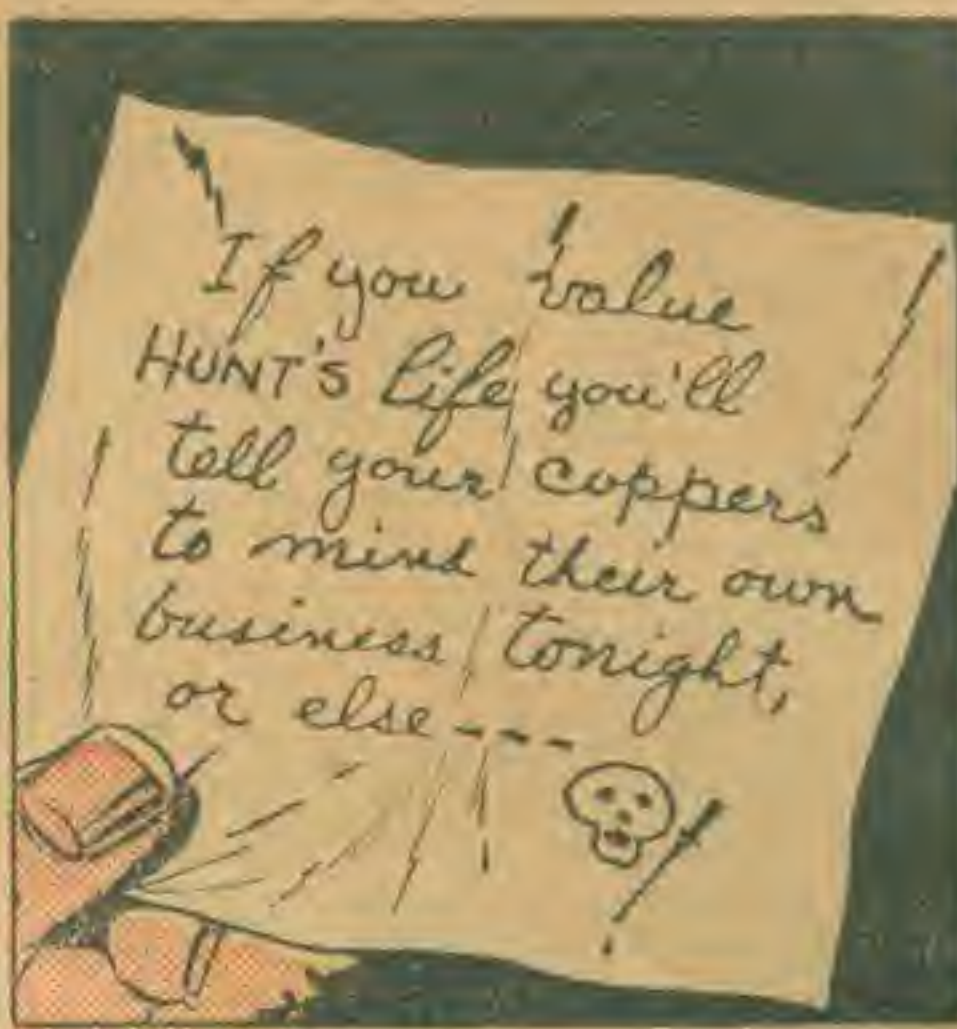
NO, YA DOPE - KIDNAP
HIM-- WITH HIM IN OUR
HANDS WE CAN THREATEN
THE WHOLE FORCE--WITH
HIS DEATH---
IF THEY
BOTHER US
AGAIN!





THE NEXT MORNING, IN THE HOME OF HUGH HAZZARD, THE COUNTRY'S AGE CRIME BUSTER -





THAT NIGHT, HUGH, INSIDE THE ROBOT, PATROLS THE SKIES ---



CAR TURNS A CORNER AND
APPEARS INTO A BUILDING -



SO THAT'S THE HIDE-
OUT--I'LL LAND ON
THE ROOF!



I'M GOING IN,
BOZO--I'LL CALL
IF I NEED
YOU--



SO FAR,
SO GOOD--



THAT'S FUNNY--ALL
THESE OFFICES ARE
DESERTED!



I'LL BET THE GANG
OCCUPY THIS ENTIRE
BUILDING AND USE IT
AS A "FRONT"!



WE DO!--REACH HIGH
--AND WALK
STRAIGHT
AHEAD!



GO IN THAT
DOOR--



I FOUND THIS MUG
SNOOPIN' THROUGH THE
HALLS, "SMOOTH"!



"SMOOTH" KAZAR--THE BIG
BAD WOLF OF THE UNDER-
WORLD--!!
WHERE'S
HUNT,?
KAZAR?

YOU TALK
TOUGH FOR THE
SPOT YOU'RE IN,
GUY!



WHAT DID
YOU COME HERE
FOR??

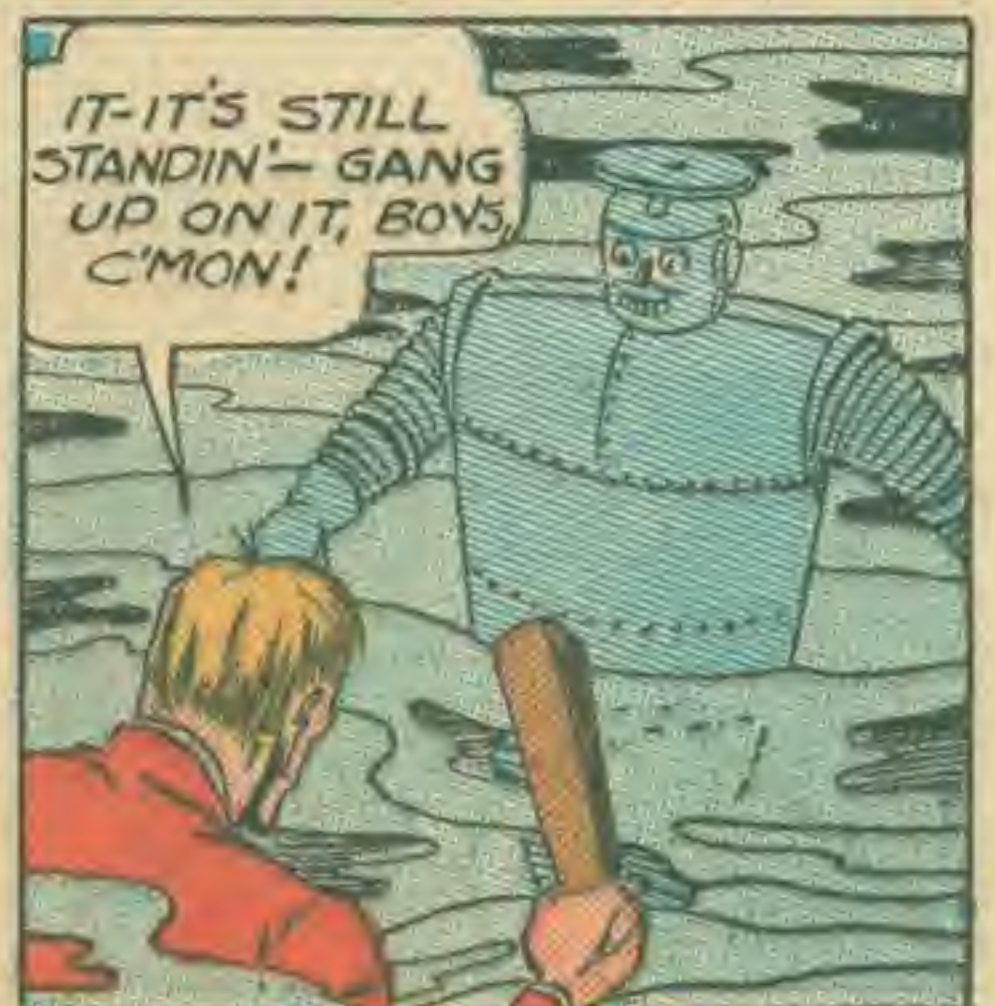
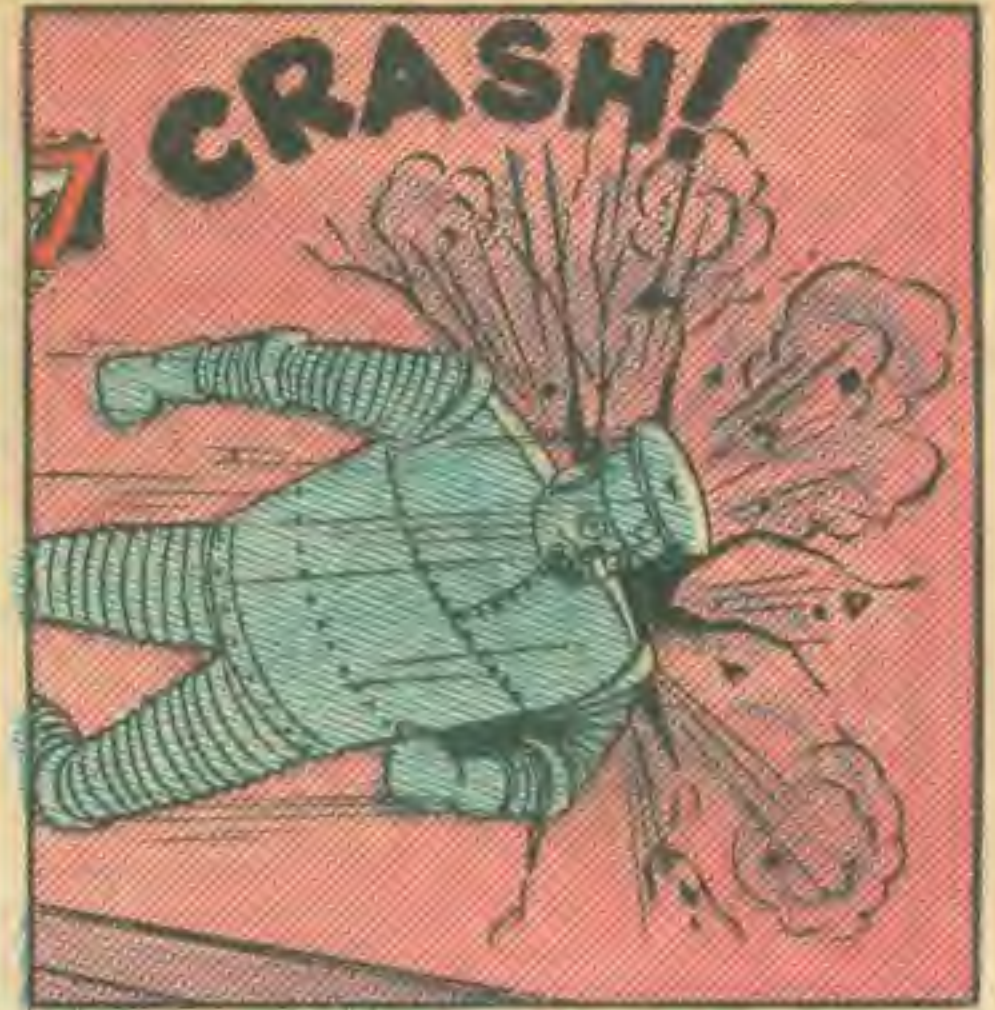
TO FIND
HUNT AND
BUST THIS
PLACE WIDE
OPEN!

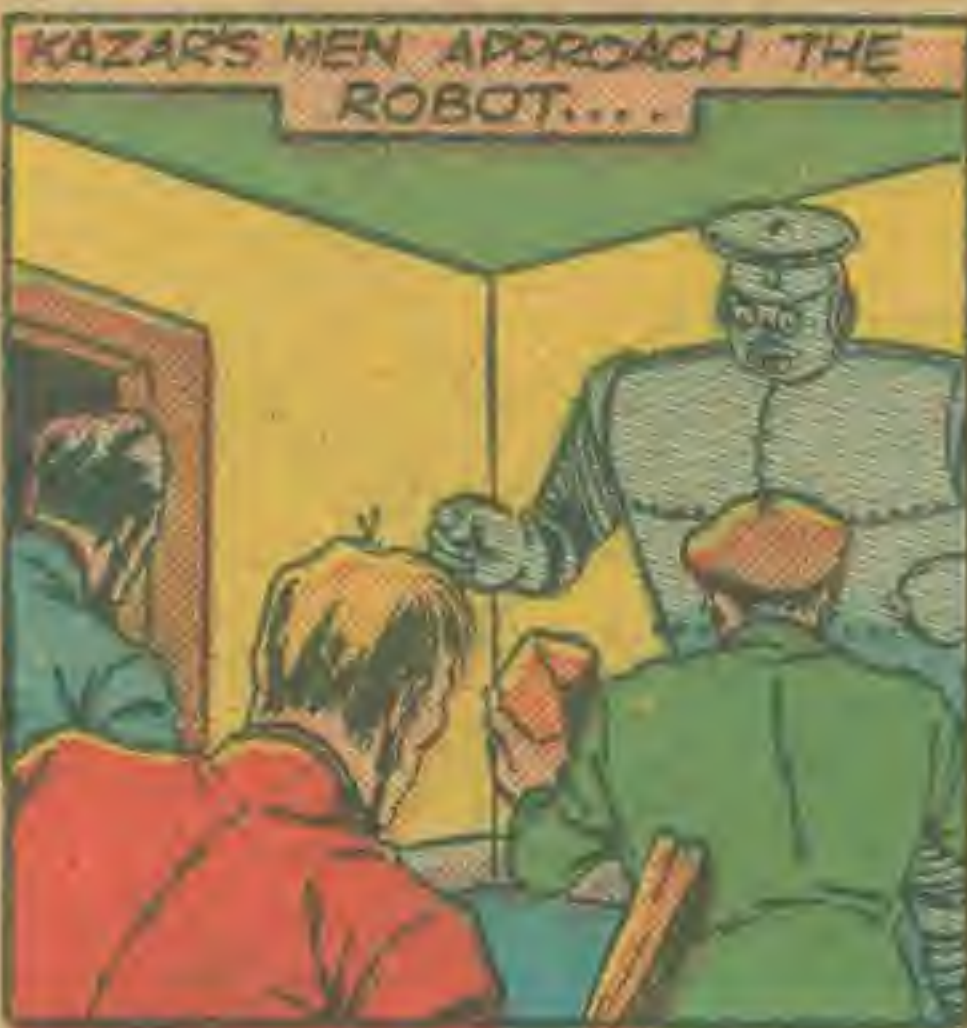


HA-HA-HA-- THAT'S
RICH!-- I DON'T KNOW
WHAT HE KNOWS, BOYS--
AN' IT DON'T MAKE NO
DIFFERENCE--









THE ROBOT STANDS UNHARMED AMID THE DEBRIS OF THE WRECKED BUILDING -



EXERTING HIS GREAT STRENGTH, THE IRON MAN LIFTS A FALLEN GIRDER -



Follow Hugh Hazzard and Boze The Robot in the July issue of SMASH COMICS.

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